

Regiment; I have seene it approved, how many times
I know not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will betweene the passages of
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
Put it in execution; and hasten the successe, which doubt not
Will bring forth comfort. *Florisb. Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena 1. Enter *Theseus, Perithous, Hippolyta, attendants.*

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples
Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
In halloved clouds commend their swelling Incense
To those above us: Let no due be wanting,

Florisb. of Cornets.

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em:

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong harted Enemies
You royall German foes, that this day come
To blow that nearenesse out that flames betweene ye;
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies,
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice,
I le leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthiest.

Exit Theseus, and his traine.

Pal. The glasse is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye
Against another: Arme oppress'd by Arme:

I would destroy th' offender, Coz, I wo
Though parcell of my selfe: Then from
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your auncient love
Out of my memory; and i'th selfe same
To seate something I would confound
The sayles, that must these vessells port
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speake well;
Before I turne, Let me embrace thee
This I shall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be so: Farewell Coz
Exeunt Palamon

Arc. Farewell Sir;
Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacr
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit
Expells the feedes of feare, and th' app
Which still is farther off it, Goe with m
Before the god of our profession: The
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of Tigers, yea the fearcenes
Yea the speed also, to goe on, I meane:
Else wish we to be Snayles; you know
Must be drag'd out of blood, force and
Must put my Garland on, where she st
The Queene of Flowers: our intercessio
Must be to him that makes the Campe,
Brynd with the blood of men: give m
And bend your spirits towards him.
Thou mighty one, that with thy pow
Greene Neptune into purple.
Comets prewarne, whose havocke in va
Vneathed skulls proclaime, whose bre
The teeming Ceres foyzon, w't o do st p
With hand armenypotent from forth
The masond Turrets, that both mak' it,